Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile,
Tyes up my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the County, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but never to returne.
O sonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him,
Death is my sonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded, I will dye
And leave him all, life, living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hatefull day,
Most miserable houre that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage:
But one, poore one, one poore and loving childe,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O woe, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold:
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Never was seene so blacke a day as this.
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne,
O love, O life, not life, but love in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kil'd:
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now,
To murther, murther our solemnity?
O child, O child, my soule, and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my childe my joyes are buried.

Fri Peace ho for shame, confusions, care lives not
In these confusions: heaven and your selfe

Had

Had part in this faire Maide; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maide.
Your part in her you could not keepe from death,
But heaven keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc't,
And weepe ye now seeing she is advanc't
Above the clouds, as high as heaven himselfe?
O in this love you love your childe so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
Shee's not well married that lives married long,
But shee's best married that dyes married young.
Dry up your teares, and sticke your Rosemary
On this faire coarse; and as the custome is,
And in her best array, beare her to Church:
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained festivall,
Turne from their office to blacke funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a sad funerall feast,
Our solemne hymnes to sullen dyrges change,
Our bridall flowers serve for a buried coarse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, goe you in; and Madam goe with him;
And goe sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this faire coarse unto her grave.
The heavens doe lowre upon you for some ill,
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt. Manent Musici.

Musi. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good fellowes, ah put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitifull case.

Fid. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pe. Musitians, oh Musitians, hearts ease, hearts ease,